the hairs of each head have been numbered, and the fall of each sparrow to the ground, foreseen.

Looking back on the ten years now ended, turning over the deposit they have left behind them—newspapers already yellow, books already musty, photographs already curious, shifting reputations, the dead whose shadows are still lively and whose voices still speak, and the forgotten dead; all the litter of a decade, swept aside to clear a space for more to accumulate—a pattern may be sought.

Change is imperceptible. It happens so gradually that an effort is required to notice it. A face seen day after day seems change-less, until a sudden realisation comes that time has hollowed it and bleached it; leaves are everlasting, until lo! they have withered, and bare branches clutch at a wintry sky; an empire is great, and then is fallen. Days pass, and months, and years, signifying what ?—to a ledger clerk so many ledgers filled, to a politician so much importance acquired, to a prostitute so many who have stretched themselves out beside her, to a financier such a bank balance accumulated, to a missionary so many brands plucked from the burning, to a civil servant so much progress made towards pensioned retirement, to a journalist so many newspapers produced, sold, read, and cast aside to light fires or wrap up fried fish; to all, foolish hopes which were disappointed, foolish despair which was survived.

It is difficult to realise that ten years hence Greta Garbo will seem as sadly strange as Lilian Gish does now, and Mr. Priestley's present literary pronouncements seem then as surprising as to-day his past ones do—for instance, his estimate of

Vicki Baum in 1932 as 'the most remarkable woman novelist now writing'.

A recent revival of one of Rudolph Valentino's successes, *The Son of the Sheik,* aroused uproarious laughter; as Mr. Campbell Dixon put it, 'The love scenes that thrilled millions of women in 1921 rolled audiences in the aisles in 1939. • • • The dialogue, studded with such lines as "Lock up the jealous one, and bring in the white gazelle!" set the whole house rocking/ Everything except ecstasy soon becomes funny.